MARVEL

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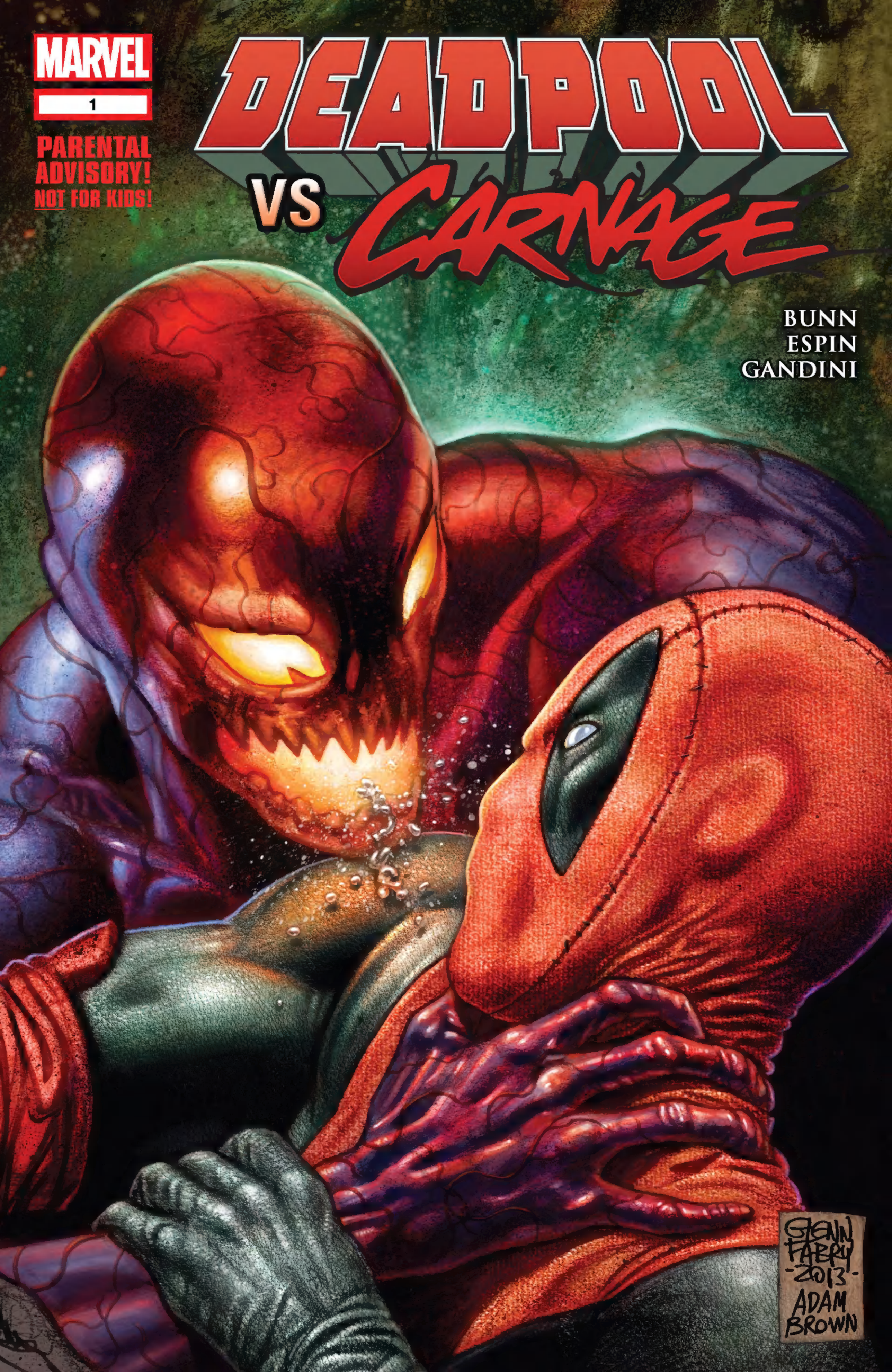
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!

DEADPOOL VS CARNAGE

BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI



Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

Cletus Kasady was a serial killer locked up in Rykers Island and sharing a cell with a man named Eddie Brock. Brock had bonded with an alien symbiote that granted him incredible super-powers, allowing him to become the super villain Venom. Venom's alien symbiote spawned an offspring that bonded with Kasady, turning him into the murderous madman...

CARNAGE

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KANSAS STATE LINE.
ESLO
Bunn's TRUCK STOP
HOME-COOKIN
FAMILIES W LCOME
Safe Line Burger
Best the State
TRUCK STOP
Delicious Mile-igh Pi s
F e Wifi – Tourist Inform tio
Foo – Gas – Motel
Truc Park ng – C ean Restrooms – Showers
Beer – iquor – Ice
SINCE 1987
JAKE THOMAS
ENERGY CORP.
PROPANE GAS

FAMILY ON BOARD
TK-421
POLICE

WOULD YOU LOOK AT *THIS?*
WORLD'S GOING STRAIGHT DOWN THE *CRAPPER*, I GOTTA TELL YOU.

HOW MANY TIMES DOES THIS... *MANIAC*...HAVE TO BREAK OUT OF PRISON BEFORE THEY JUST *SHOOT HIM DOWN* LIKE A DOG?
CARNAGE ON THE LOOSE
FREAK'S HAVING HIMSELF ONE HELLUVA LITTLE *MURDER SPREE*... AND THE SO-CALLED "*EXPERTS*" WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIS *TRAUMATIC CHILDHOOD*.
I TELL YOU ONE THING...IF HE'S EVER *UNLUCKY* ENOUGH TO CROSS MY PATH, I'LL BE DAMN SURE TO *SHOOT FIRST* AND DEMONSTRATE MY *HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT* SECOND.

IS THAT A *FACT*, MR. TROOPER?
WELL--

SHSHK
SKIN THAT SMOKE WAGON!
AAHEEEEEE!
SKKLGGK
WHO ORDERED THE BACON?
YOU PICKED THE WRONG PLACE ON THE WRONG DAY, ASSHAT.
AIN'T NO FREAKSHOW GIMP SUIT GONNA SCARE US.
NOW, NOW, EVERYONE JUST RELAX.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, RIGHT?
PEACE.
OR IS IT--

PIECES!
AAAHHH--
WHP
SLLGK
SSK-GG-SLLSH
EVERYBODY... JUST...CHILL.
GGGGLLKK
MOVE! MOVE!
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
HE... HE KILLED BUTCH!
NO NEED TO PUSH AND SHOVE!
THERE'S PLENTY OF LOVE TO GO AROUND!
AND YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE JUST YET.
NOW...
CLOSED
WHO'S NEXT?
"WE SHOULD TAKE A MOMENT TO WARN OUR VIEWERS..."

NEW YORK CITY.
...THE FOLLOWING SCENES DEPICT GRAPHIC VIOLENCE AND MIGHT BE UNSETTLING.
OOOH.
IS IT TIME FOR BAGGAGE ALREADY?
IT WAS HERE, EARLIER TODAY, THAT THE SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY--CARNAGE--STRUCK ONCE AGAIN.
IN THE FIFTH MURDEROUS RAMPAGE SINCE HIS RECENT ESCAPE, CARNAGE TOOK THE LIVES OF MORE THAN A DOZEN PEOPLE.
CARNAGE HAS LEFT A VERITABLE SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF HUMAN REMAINS IN HIS WAKE.
BLAUGH!
COME ON! I'M EATING HERE!
AT THIS TIME, A NATIONWIDE MANHUNT HAS YIELDED LITTLE SUCCESS IN TRACKING THE MURDERER.
AND AUTHORITIES ARE RELYING SOLELY ON GUESSWORK UNTIL THEY STUMBLE ONTO THE ONE CLUE THAT WILL CRACK THE CASE.
SPECIAL AGENT FRIEDRICH HAD THE FOLLOWING TO SAY:
ESLO
KASADY'S CURRENT M.O. IS BOTH RANDOM AND MOBILE.
THIS MAKES IT VERY DIFFICULT TO TRACK HIM.
BUT WE HAVE OUR VERY BEST PSYCHOLOGISTS AND PROFILERS WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK TO DISCERN SOME METHOD TO HIS MADNESS.
AND GOOD OL' WADE WILSON WORKS 'ROUND THE CLOCK TO DISCERN A CHANNEL WITH GRATUITOUS KAT DENNINGS.

...THE KILLER IS...
CLICK

...NOT ACTING...
CLICK

...RANDOMLY...
23 09 88
CLICK

...AS HE BELIEVES!
CLICK

RIDE THE WAVE...
CLICK

...OF INSANITY...
CLICK

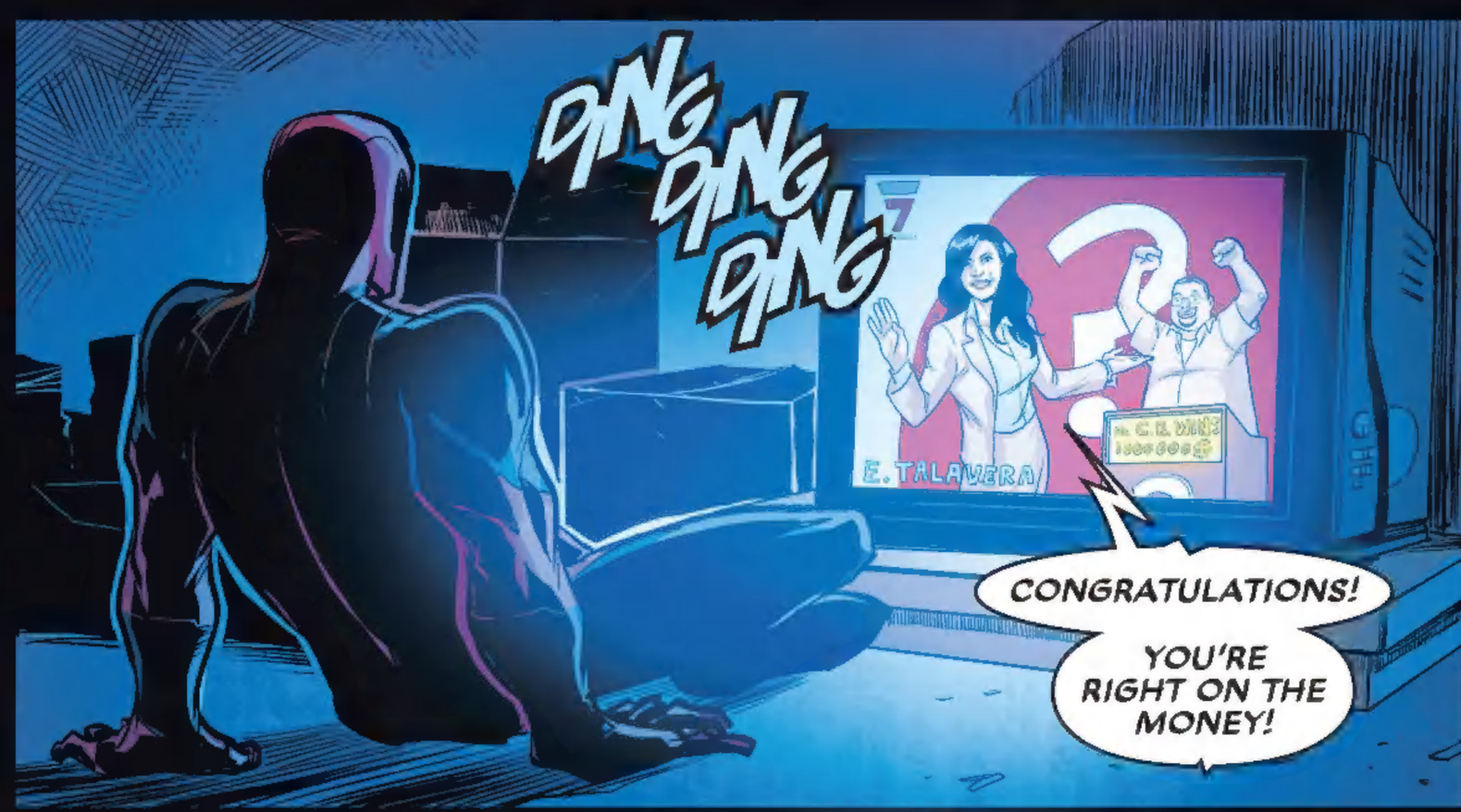
...AND YOU CAN BE THE FIRST TO...
CLICK

...FIND HIM, BOY!
CLICK

IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS...
...WHEN I'M SURE THE WORLD'S TRYING TO TELL ME *SOMETHING.*

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME, TV PEOPLE?
GO INTO THE LIGHT?
AM I MOVING ON UP?
DO I CALL NOW TO DOUBLE MY ORDER...FOR ONLY A NOMINAL SERVICE FEE?
IS IT TIME TO PLAY THE FEUD?
CAN I REALLY SCULPT MY ABS THROUGH SEXY DANCE MOVES?

AM I THE ONLY PERSON *CRAZY* ENOUGH TO TRACK CARNAGE?


DING DING DING
E. TALAVERA
CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE MONEY!

THAT'S IT!
CARNAGE IS &%#$%#& *CRAZY.*
I'M DELIGHTFULLY *MAD.*
WE'RE ON *SIMILAR WAVELENGTHS.*
I CAN FIGURE HIM OUT.
90's comic-books

I ALWAYS KNEW BEING *AMAZEBALLS SCREWY* WOULD COME IN *HANDY!*

"LOOK, EVERYBODY!"

"THERE GOES DEADPOOL!"

"THERE GOES THE GUY THAT TRACKED CARNAGE DOWN!"

AND WHEN I CATCH HIM?

SMACK

YEAH.

THAT SEEMS RIGHT.

Home sweet Home

YOOHOO!

CARNAGE!

YOUR SOULMATE DEADPOOL IS A-HUNTING FOR YA!

DEAD DREAM MACHINE
Sept 18th through Oct 13th, performances at 8:00pm
For more info: www.deaddreammachine.com
GIMME A *SIGN*.
BE GOOD and you will be APPROVED
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY 1954 - 2011
Bromance for men

OUTTA THE WAY!
WHAT IS THIS? *PERFORMANCE ART?*
AIN'T THERE *SHELTERS* FOR PEOPLE LIKE THAT?
DAMN LIVING STATUES!

UH... WORLD?
YOU GOTTA WORK WITH ME HERE.

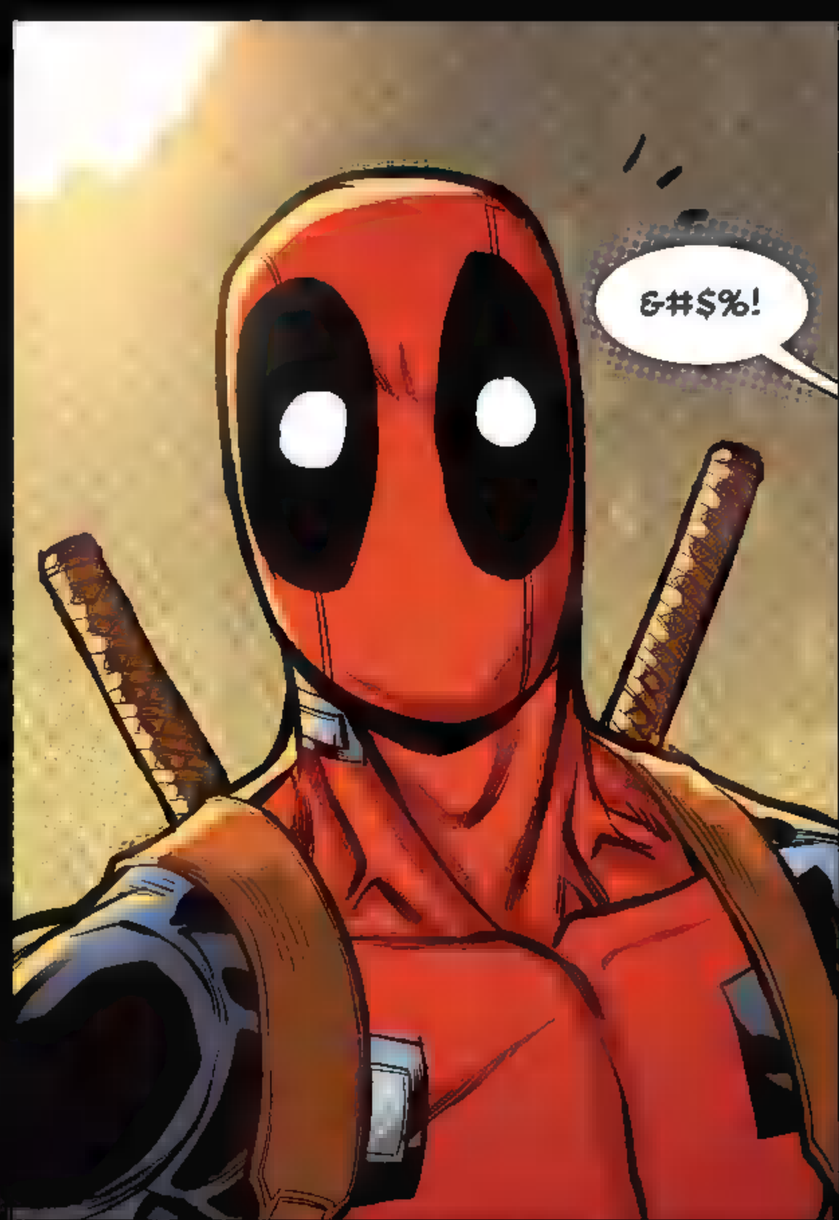
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE THAT!

THAT WASN'T *CUTTIN'!* THAT WAS *RIPPIN'* MEAT APART!

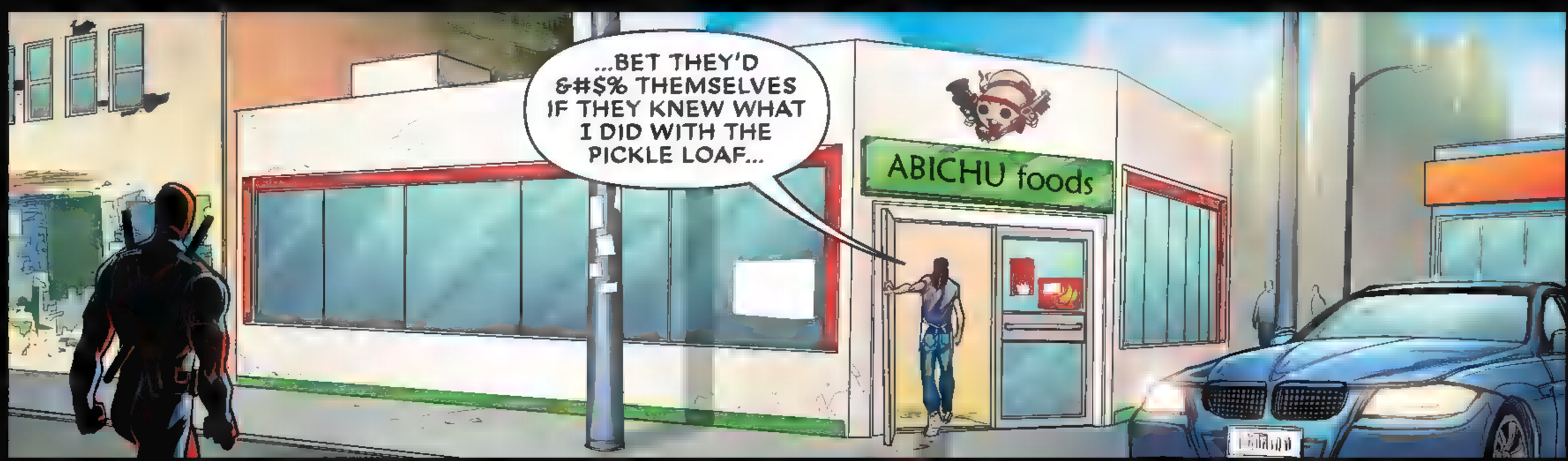
OKAY...
THIS I CAN WORK WITH!

BETTER THAN BREADCRUMBS!

IT AIN'T MY FAULT YOU'RE TOO CHEAP TO BUY GOOD KNIVES!
I WAS GONNA QUIT THIS JOB ANYWAY!
YOU CAN SHOVE IT RIGHT UP YOUR--


&#$%!

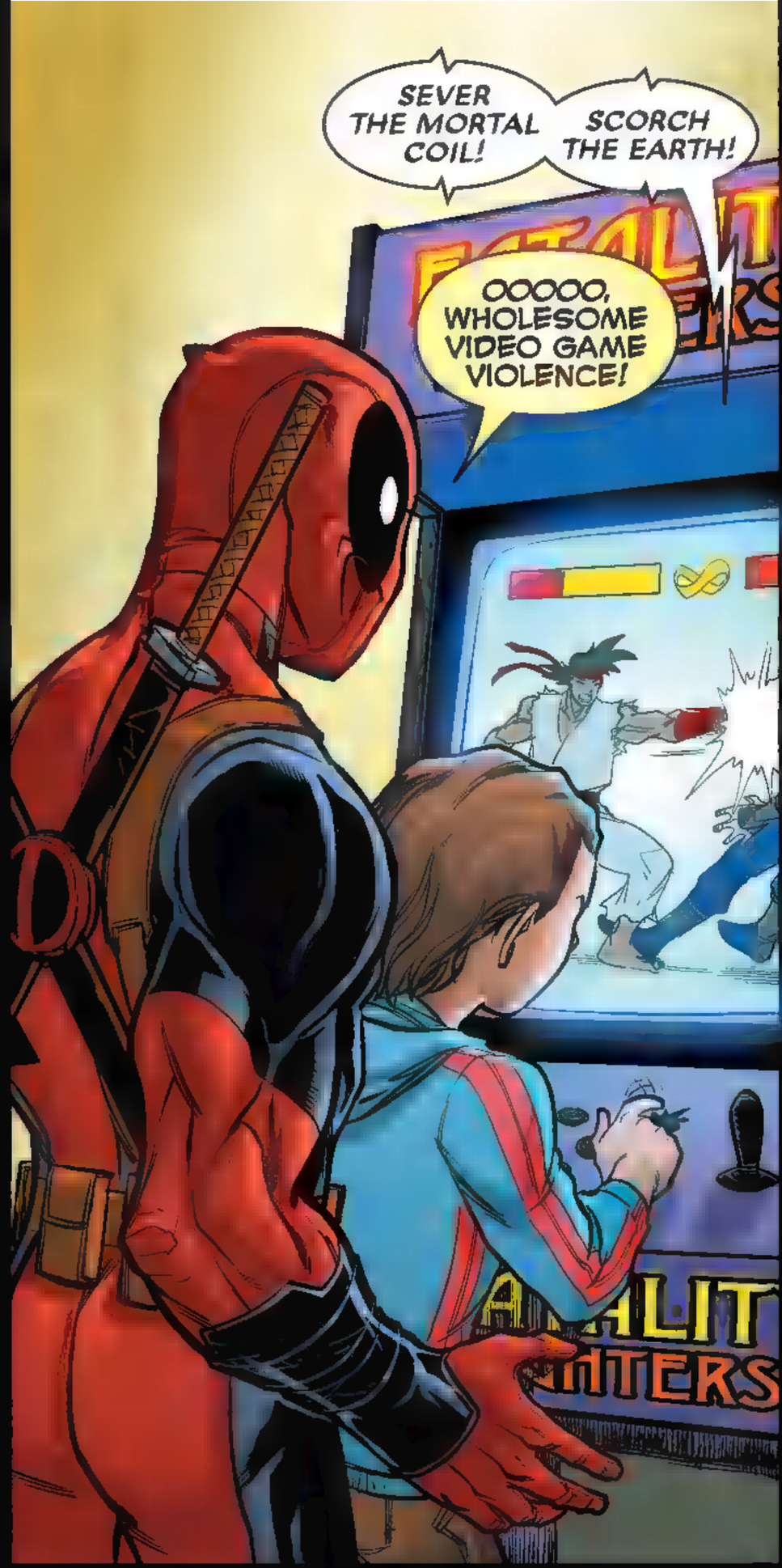
...THINKS HE CAN PUSH ME AROUND...
...NEVER WANTED TO BE A BUTCHER...

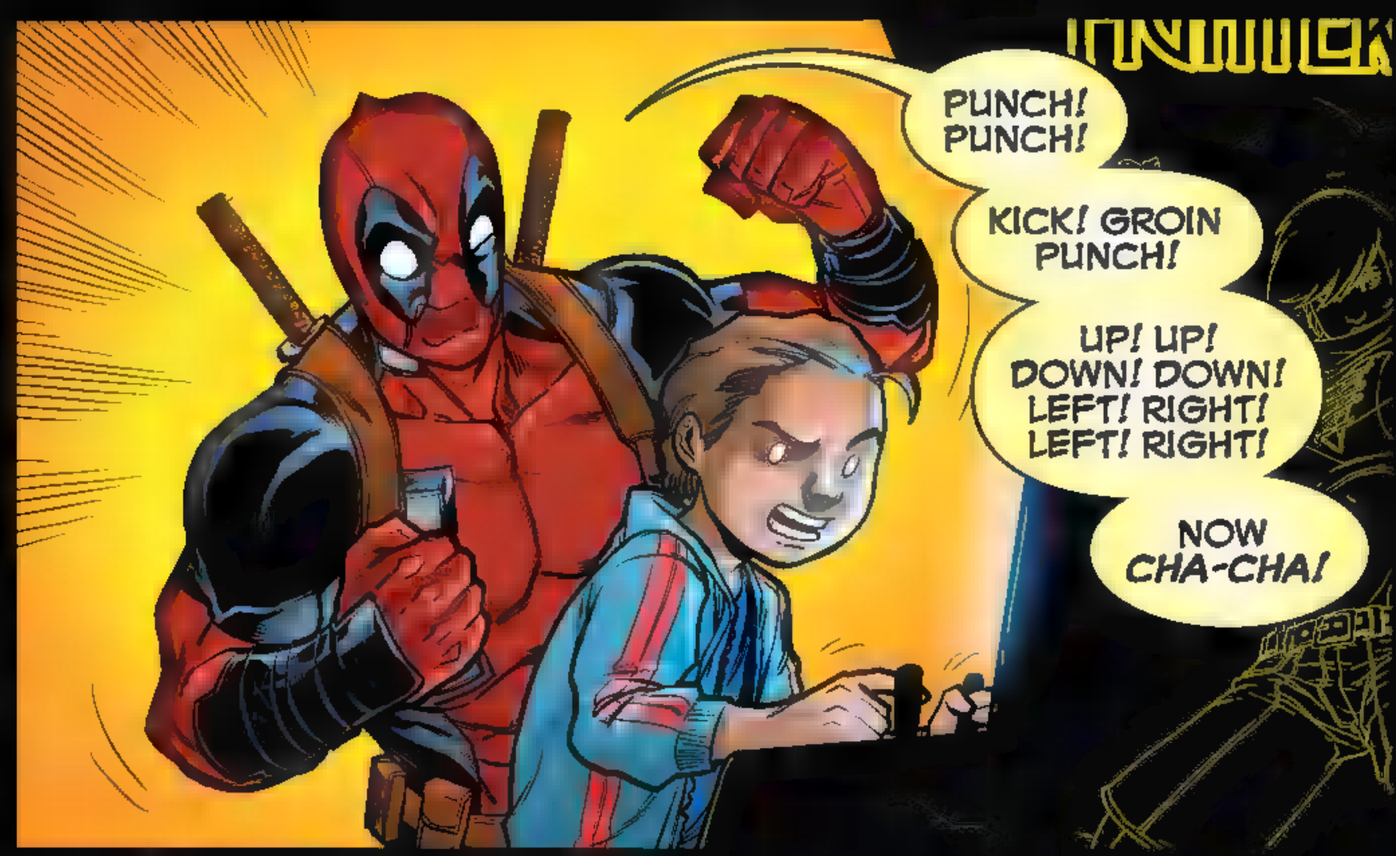

...BET THEY'D &#$% THEMSELVES IF THEY KNEW WHAT I DID WITH THE PICKLE LOAF...
ABICHU foods

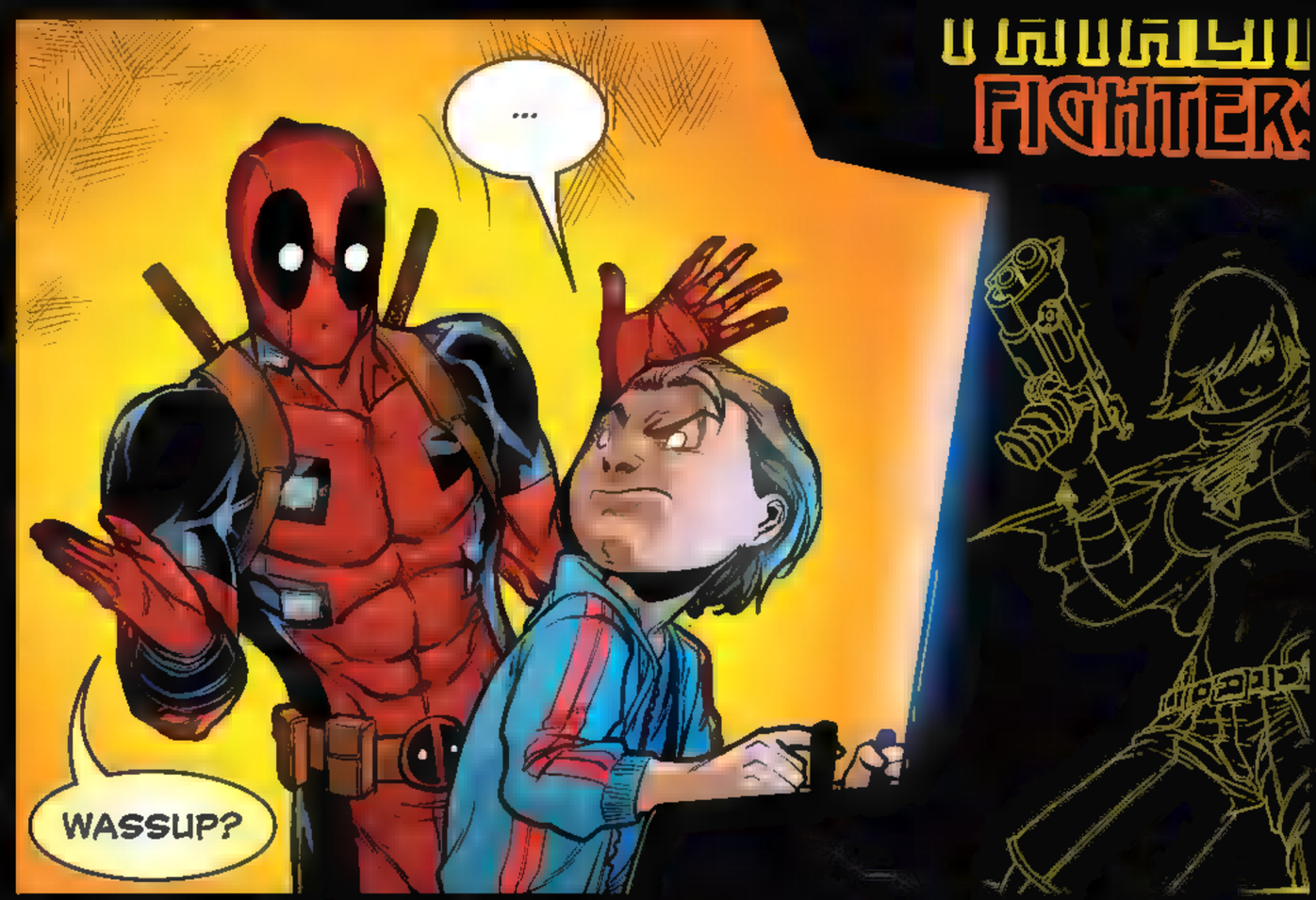
...THINK YOU'RE BETTER'N ME CUZ I DIDN'T GO TO BUTCHER SCHOOL?
MASSACRE!
HUH?

DEVASTATION!
BLOODY TRIUMPH!
FATALITY FIGHTERS
FATALITY FIGHTERS

MAXIMUM CARNAGE!


SEVER THE MORTAL COIL!
SCORCH THE EARTH!
OOOOO, WHOLESOME VIDEO GAME VIOLENCE!


PUNCH! PUNCH!
KICK! GROIN PUNCH!
UP! UP! DOWN! DOWN! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT!
NOW CHA-CHA!


...
WASSUP?

CAAAAARRRRNNNNNNAAAAAAAGE!
CLETUS KASADY: IS THE MAN THE KILLER OR DOES THE KILLER RIDE IN
WOLVERINE
Soccer World
HNH?
"MODERN DAY GHOST TOWNS"?
SOUNDS LIKE THE PERFECT PLACE TO LAY LOW.
THIS IS IT. THIS IS THE SIGN.

BIG, BAD PSYCHOPATHIC HILLBILLY WITH ALIEN SLIME POWERS...
...HIDING IN THE BURBS.
WELL... CANCEL YOUR BLOCK PARTY...
AMERICA'S NEW GHOST TOWN

"CUZ I'M COMING TO KICK YOU SQUARE IN THE *CUL-DE-SAC!*"

OUTSIDE TULSA, OK.

Special OFFER

AHHH.

SMELL THAT FRESH STINK OF ***SHATTERED DREAMS*** AND ***RUINED LIVES!***

MURDERED BY INFLATED INTEREST RATES AND BAD CREDIT LOANS!

THE AMERICAN DREAM...***SKEWERED*** ON WHITE PICKET FENCES!

WHERE ELSE BUT AN ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT CAN A CAREFREE MURDERER LIKE MYSELF STROLL OUT ONTO THE PORCH IN HIS ***DRAWERS?***

I ***LOVE*** IT!

FREEDOM!

DAMN!

I LIKE THE ***TASTE*** OF THAT!

I MEAN...I'VE ESCAPED PLENTY OF TIMES.
AIN'T NO PRISON EVER GONNA HOLD CLETUS KASADY!
EXCEPT, OF COURSE--
THE PRISON OF MY OWN MIND!
I FORGOT WHO I WAS... I ADMIT!
DREAMING OF TAKING OVER CITIES...CONQUERING TINY UNIVERSES.
THOUGHT I WAS THINKING BIG!
BUT THOSE KIND OF AMBITIONS... THEY'RE LIES.
NOW THE CATARACTS HAVE BEEN PEELED FROM MY EYES!
I CAN SEE CLEARLY!
BACK TO THE BASICS!
SIMPLE... BEAUTIFUL... RANDOM...
...CARNAGE!
HUH?
WHAT THE HELL IS...
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--
...THAT?
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--

OH, YEAH!
BULL'S-EYE!
THAT'LL *PUCKER* YOUR TENTACULAR LITTLE SPHINCTER, WON'T IT, CARNAGE-OLD-CHUM?
NOW.
FOR THE *CLEANUP.*

I-HOW?
HOW'D THEY FIND ME?
AND WHO?
WHO WANTS TO DIE?
HOO BOY!
ANOTHER TIME...ANOTHER PLACE...WE COULD HAVE A LOOOOOOOOOOONG TALK ABOUT THAT.
MAYBE OVER A BEER...OR YOUR PAPPY'S FAVORITE MOONSHINE...OR SNUGGLED UP ON THE PSYCHIATRIST'S COUCH.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH...IT'S MY SOLEMN DUTY TO SLAG YOUR DRIPPY REDNECK ASS.
BLAM BLAM

REAL TOUGH GUY!
SHRRRK
YOU GOT SWORDS?
I GOT PLENTY!
GUNS?
WHO NEEDS 'EM!
SHRRP
SHRRR!
SHRRR!
COME HERE, PEEKING IN MY CORN FLAKES?

WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
ME?
I'M DEADPOOL... THE MERC WITH THE PURDY MOUTH.
AND, YEAH. I LIKE GUNS AND SWORDS AND WEED-WHACKERS AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS BEST KEPT OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN.
LIKE GRENADES.
GOT SO MANY VARIETIES TUCKED IN SO MANY DARK AND MOIST PLACES, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY ALL DO.
GLLRP
LET'S FIND OUT.
KA-BOOM

YEEEEOWW!
I THINK I LEFT SOME OF MY FINGERS INSIDE YOU. IN CASE...YOU KNOW...YOU POOP 'EM OUT.
RGGRGGLRRGLL
JUST FLUSH 'EM, THOUGH.
I'LL GROW MORE.

SEE?
NOW... WHERE WERE WE?
OH, YEAH! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SKIN YOU.
USE THAT ALIEN SUIT OF YOURS LIKE A BEAR-SKIN RUG. SPREAD IT OUT IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, ALL ROMANTICAL.
ME AND THE LADIES ARE GONNA GET FA-REAKY ON YOUR FLAYED EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIDE.
SEE, PAL.
YOU MAY BE A HOMICIDAL MANIAC.
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CRAZY, YOU'RE SIMPLY OUTCLASSED.

AND YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED.
HNH
YEEAAGGKK!
SHRR-KKOOM

NOBODY-- AND I MEAN NOBODY--LAYS A FINGER ON MY MAN.
SHRIEK... DOLL.
WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?
NNN
NOT IN THE FACE?
TO BE CONTINUED.

E
E
M
R
P
I
NAHGA